THE PORT FOLIO.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

"VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEAS'D WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULG'D."
COWPER.

VOL. IV.] PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 21 1804. [No. 16.

The price of the Port Folio is six dollars per annum, payable in advance.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE AMERICAN LOUNGER.

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

No. 88.

TO SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

SIR,

THE present season naturally disposes us to connect with it that period of life, upon the just improvement of which is to depend the fruitfulness or sterility of the portion that will follow. Spring is the season of promise and of expectation, and youth is the period of enterprise and of hope. The heart, in the morning of life, dilated with noble and generous expansion, is filled with anticipations of every enjoyment, and prepared for the reception of every delight. In the estimates, which, at this season, are made of future life, difficulties are not to embarrass, or accidents to frustrate. The obstacles between plans and their success are overlooked, experience has not taught disappointment, or long tried efforts at distinction wearied the constancy of diligence, or lessened the eagerness of ambition. Fancy, active in its projections, and plausible in its means, heats to enthusiasm the mind of the youthful candidate for renown. Every pen is to acknowledge the merit of his established excellence, and from every voice he is to hear the grateful music of applause. The claims of undoubted genius are to silence competition, and the laurel of victory to decorate his brow. Fame, with all its allurements, in close perspective, flushes his soul with joy, and imagination, passing through different scenes of human elevation, riots in the luxury of its own creation.

How often such expectations are fallacious, we want not to be informed by the living mortals, who are monuments of it, or by any of the thousands on whose obscurity the grave has heaped its mould. We know how small is the number of those on whom decided superiority is conferred, how many are the causes, by which fruition may be interrupted, and hope cut off. But ungracious is that philosophy which inculcates despondence, and holds out examples to depress; which would restrain youthful enterprise, by telling that its expectations are deceptious, and its attempts vain. Rather let every encouragement be given to ardour so commendable. Let it not be checked by the suggestions of the indolent and insignificant, or abated by the counsels of the unsuccessful or the timid. When eminence is reached this spirit is ever found to have been its prelude. It is the grand incitement to emulation, the nurse of noble sentiment. The philosopher, who attracts notice by the ingenuity of his speculations, or the usefulness of his discoveries, has often relieved the painfulness of thought, by mixing anticipations of celebrity with his early meditations. The orator of established reputation has viewed from a distance the envied height on which it stands. Often, in the chambers of his alma mater, and while submitting to the discipline of preparation, has his heart been swelled by fancied plaudits, and his ear caught the sound of bursting acclamations. The commander of legions has vanquished the foe in other places than the field. The surrender of fortresses, the humbled submission of haughty adversaries, and the full display of the triumphant standard, have marked the early reveries of his ambitious soul.

These are the feelings which form the innocent and profitable recreations of the juvenile mind. Innocent, for they save it from wanderings that may be dangerous; profitable, for they strengthen the resolutions of diligence, and support the labour of exertion. A celebrated heathen, upon being rallied on his belief in the immortality of the soul, and told it was but an idle dream, replied, that, if it were so, he wished not to be awakened from a delusion so pleasing. To arguments that would discourage ardour, let such be the answer of the enterprising youth. If he be told his expectations are illusory, let him reply, he will continue a mistake that exalts the dignity of his nature, keeps his attention from whatever is degrading, and fixes it upon objects animating and elevated. Labour is so wearisome, that the force of incentives, exerting on the mind an active and uniform influence, can alone impart to it vigour, and endue it with perseverance. The desire of distinction, whatever shape it may assume, whether it is to arise from political advancement, or military renown, from extensive opulence, or literary pre-eminence, forms such an incentive, and the moment of its forgetfulness marks the relapse into inactivity and self-indulgence.

The desire of fame has ever characterised the youth of celebrated and illustrious personages. He, who feels not such a desire, will keep his course of calm and unenvied obscurity. The greatest orator and the greatest statesman Rome ever produced, CICERO, whose name reminds us of all that is exalted in genius, and splendid in reputation, had his soul always filled with this animating passion. Pleading for the poet Archias, and celebrating his fame in letters, 'I have been convinced,' he says, 'from my youth by much instruction, and much study, that nothing is greatly desirable in life but glory, and that, in the pursuit of this, all bodily sufferings, and the perils of death and exile, are to be slighted and despised.' Most men of illustrious fame might be equally full with the Roman orator in acknowledgments of their sensibility to glory. Themistocles, upon being asked what music, or whose voice was most agreeable to him, answered 'that man's, who could best celebrate his virtues.' The Macedonian conqueror made the Iliad the constant companion of his marches. By having ever present to his mind the exploits of heroes and the lustre of conquest, he kept in full blaze the fire of his own ambition. Arrived at the tomb of Achilles 'Happy youth,' he cried, 'you could find a Homer to blazon thy fame.' The sons of indolence may affect the consolation that early ambition is a troublesome and sometimes corrosive inmate of the breast, that it gives to the mind feelings unfriendly to its tranquillity, and produces infelicity by the mortifications to which it exposes; that it robs the pillow of its slumber, and casts a paleness on the cheek. Whatever foundation there may be for this, it is not to be listened to as a motive to dissuade. What pursuit, however inglorious, is free from its solicitudes, and who, but the listless disciple of torpor, will be repulsed, because his course is not always pleasant, or his path always smooth. The solicitudes of ambition are allowed, but they are less to be dreaded than the mischiefs of inactivity, or the repinings of insignificance.

Let the youth, in the spring of life, press on with alacrity in the career he has chosen. He has all the motives of future eminence to kindle up his enterprise, and animate his zeal. Every analogy of nature will remind him of his obligations, and encourage him in his attempts. See how the fruits of the earth, from small beginnings, spread into full luxuriance. Like the husbandman, let him sow while the season is auspicious, and the soil kind. The prospect of harvest will mitigate his toil, and be as refreshing dews to his exertion. With a model of successful diligence, 'let him not be prevented by indolence, seduced by pleasure, or diverted by sleep' from the objects his ambition would attain. Let him nourish emulation by the frequent presence of great and distinguished examples. Let the volume of PLUTARCH be often open before him, and let him constantly recollect, that, if he gain not the heights of uncontested superiority, laudable endeavours seldom go without some reward.

MARCELLUS.

POLITE LITERATURE.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

EXPLICATION OF THE DIFFERENT MEANS OF THE ART OF ORATORY, CONSIDERED PARTICULARLY IN DEMOSTHENES.

[Continued.]

"Consider once more, Athenians, that you run greater hazards than any other people of Greece. Philip meditates not only to conquer you, but to destroy you. For he knows very well that you are not made to be subjects. If you would be such, you could not; you are too much accustomed to command. He knows that at the first opportunity you would give him more trouble, than all the rest of Greece together."

How very few words were necessary for Demosthenes to awaken, in the Athenians, the sentiment of their power and grandeur! With what an air of simplicity he speaks of it, as of a thing agreed, and of which no man doubted! This, for a vulgar orator, would have been a fine subject for amplification: could there be any more agreeable to treat before such hearers? But

what amplification could have equalled those words, so simple and so great. Philip knows you are not made to serve; that even if you would, you could not: you are too much in the habit of commanding. It is one of the characteristics of Demosthenes to attain by turns of thought, which appear common, with a sort of noble and measured familiarity, more than others by magnificent expressions.

"Make war upon him, then, from this day, if you would avoid a total ruin. Detest the traitors who serve him, and consign them to punishment. We can never get the better of foreign enemies, if we do not first punish our enemies within, who conspire with them. Without this you will be wrecked against the rock of treason, and become the prey of the conqueror.

"And what is the reason, do you think, why Philip dares thus outrageously to insult you? Why, at the time when he employs against others, at least the arts of seduction, and even those of real services, should he dare to employ against you, alone, his menaces? Consider all that he has done in favour of the Thessalians to allure them into servitude. By how many artifices did he impose on the unfortunate Olynthians, by giving them at first Potidea, and several other places; all that he does, at this day, to gain the Thebans, whom he has delivered from a dangerous war, and whom he has rendered powerful in Phocæa. We know, it is true, what price has been paid, by the former, in the sequel, for what they have received, and the price that the latter must pay. But for you, without speaking of what you have already lost in the war, how many times, even during the negotiations of the peace, has he deceived, insulted, and plundered you? The places of Phocæa, those of Thrace, of Doriscus, of Pylæ, of Serrio, even the person of Cersobleptes, what has he not taken from you? Whence proceeds this conduct, so different towards you, and towards the other Greeks? It is because we are the only people among whom our enemies have declared protectors with impunity; the only people among whom they can say every thing in favour of Philip, when they have received his money, while he is seizing on the treasures of the republic. It would not have been safe for any one to declare himself the partizan of Philip, among the Olynthians, if he had not seduced them by giving them Potidea. It would not have been safe for any one to declare himself the partizan of Philip among the Thessalians, if he had not assisted them in banishing their tyrants, and had not restored to them Pylos. It would not have been safe for any one to declare himself the partizan of Philip, among the Thebans, before he had subjugated Boœtia, by destroying the Phoceans. But, among us—but in Athens, when he has appropriated to himself Amphipolis and the country of the Cardians, when he is prepared to invade Byzantium, when he has fortified Eubea in such a manner as to enchain Attica, any one may, with all safety, raise a voice in his favour; and, from poor and obscure as they were, his friends are become rich and powerful: and we, on the contrary, we have fallen from splendor to humiliation, and from opulence to poverty. For, in my estimation, the true riches of a republic are in the number of her allies, in their attachment, in their fidelity, and these are what we have lost. And while with so much carelessness, you suffer so many advantages to be ravished from you, Philip has become great, fortunate, redoubtable, both to Greeks and Barbarians; Athens is forsaken, and in contempt; rich only in what we display in our markets, poor in every thing that constitutes the glory and the power of a free people."

Despreaux has been called 'the poet of good sense;' we may give to Demosthenes the appellation of '*the orator of reason.*' And we have so much need of such a one! Among us they have perverted the understanding, in order to stifle conscience. They have counterfeited at pleasure the human mind; and what do we do here but labour to restore it? Without reason there is no justice, and without justice no liberty. We have acquired, at a great price, the right of expressing zeal for the truth: error and ignorance have done us so much harm!

Let us annihilate the tyranny of words, to re-establish the reign of things. You have seen the proof, that the word *liberty* may be written on all our doors, when oppression is on all our heads. And who was then the freeman, even in irons, even on the scaffold? He alone who had known how to preserve the independence of his principles. It is then, by reason and by justice, that man can be essentially free. There is this grandeur in man, that he is, by his thoughts, superior to every power that is not conformable to reason; and this alone would prove, that all true grandeur comes from God, to whom we are indebted for thought and reason. It is by this that the just man is able to condemn power, even when it oppresses him; it cannot oppress him but for a moment; he condemns it forever. He can brand it with a word, confound it by a look, humble it even by his silence, which tyranny cannot do, with all its sattelites, and all its hangmen.

Honour then to reason and to order, which is its work! Honour to the one, and to the other, and so much the rather, because their names alone have been a long time among us, at first an object of insult, and then a title of proscription. Restore them to their places, and that is sufficient to avenge them. From that hour those of their enemies are marked; and indelible will be the stain.

Let us learn, from the example of Demosthenes, never to be afraid of speaking salutary truth to our fellow-citizens. We never obtain, by demagogical flattery, any thing better than a transitory influence, and a long ignominy. The advantages of demagogues are brittle and precarious, and subject to terrible vicissitudes. This truth, to be felt, has not even occasion for those examples without number, which have passed before your eyes. These, however, ought never to be forgotten. Repeat this lesson to yourselves, without ceasing, that he who deceives the people, understands his own interests no better than those of the public, and dishonours only to destroy himself. I know of no character so abject and so odious as a flatterer of the people: he is an hundred times more so, than a flatterer of kings. For a throne naturally allures flattery, and discountenances truth. The people on the contrary, permit themselves to be deceived, it is true, but they do not demand to be deceived; they have no need of it, and they feel the want of information. They love and receive the truth, when we dare to speak it: and when they reject it, it is for want of light more than from pride or corruption. When they conceive it, they applaud it so much the more, as we exercise towards them a right which is that of all. It is this which renders the truth so hateful and so terrible in the sight of those, who have so much interest in preventing it from ever coming to the knowledge of the people, because they have so much in blinding them. And this policy, common to tyrants, must necessarily have been that of ours, who were destitute of talents as well as courage. It has consisted wholly in giving all power to do mischief to that class of men, who are everywhere the dregs of nations, to those who have nothing, who know nothing, and who do nothing; to that assemblage of nakedness, idleness, and ignorance, composed of all that is worst in the human species: we may judge of them by what they have once done, when once they reigned. But observe, at the same time, that this policy, which imposed for a moment on those who are always dazzled by success, was not less silly than atrocious. Tyrants, who have possessed genius, have never employed instruments, of whom they could not always be the masters; the tyranny, which uses only instruments to whom it is itself a slave, is stupid; for it is always their victim. And what can be more delirious than to invade every thing, without being able to keep any thing, and to erect scaffolds to finish by ascending them? But this belongs to our history, and I return to that of eloquence, and the triumphs of Demosthenes.

[*To be Continued.*]

BIOGRAPHY.

LIFE OF SOAME JENYNS, ESQ.

[Concluded.]

His character seems to have been amiable and respectable. His life had been very active and diversified. He had studied much, he had seen more. He conversed as well as he wrote. His thoughts were sprightly, his expressions neat. His person was diminutive, and of a slight make; and he had a small wen, or protuberance, on his neck. In his youth, he had been so fond of dress as to be distinguished as one of the beaux of his time; but in the latter part of his life, his appearance was rather mean, being generally habited in a Bath beaversurtout, with blue worsted boot-stockings. His religious routine is said to have been singular. From early impression, or strong conviction, he was originally a zealous believer of revelation, and suspected of a tendency to certain fanatical opinions. Gradually losing ground in faith, he wandered into paths obscured by doubt, and became a professed deist; till, by a retrograde progress, he measured back his steps to the comforts of rational christianity. On his death-bed, it is said, he reviewed his life, and with a visible gleam of joy, he gloried in the belief, that his Views of the Internal Evidence of the Christian Religion had been useful. It was received, perhaps, where greater works would not make their way, and so might have aided the ardour of virtue, and the confidence of truth. He spoke of his death as one prepared to die. He did not shrink from it as an evil, nor as a punishment, but met it with decent firmness, as his original destiny, the kind release from what was worse, the kinder summons to all that is better. As a lay vindicator of divine revelation, he ranks with Milton, Locke, Addison and Newton.

As an author, he has attained no small degree of reputation, by powers which have had every aid that useful and polite learning could give. He possesses a judgment critically exact, an elegant taste, and a rich vein of wit and humour. He is intitled to great praise for many excellencies of style. Mr. Burke has truly said that he was one of those who wrote the purest English, that is, the most simple and aboriginal language, the least qualified with foreign impregnation. To the character of an elegant, he joins that of a sensible and agreeable writer. He has the rare merit of treating, in a pleasing manner, that abstracted metaphysic subject, the origin or necessity of evil, which has perplexed human reason in every age. He has written like a man of taste and acuteness, in the habit of deep thinking. A species of reading often injurious, and generally unentertaining, he has rendered at once interesting and argumentative. But genius, like every power in human nature, is capable of an

absurd and pernicious, as well as of a judicious and beneficial application. While it is employed in investigating useful truths, and enlarging the boundaries of real knowledge, it is rendering such important services to mankind, as to merit the highest applause. Of this perversion of genius, his political tracts and philosophical disquisitions afford a striking example. Not contented with that portion of reputation for originality, which is to be acquired in the plain path of truth and common sense, he finds it necessary to employ the subtleties of sophistry in support of opinions which party-attachments led him to adopt, and to exercise his superior abilities in erecting fanciful and paradoxical systems, or in defending some dangerous tenets. His View of the Internal Evidence of the Christian Religion contains many just and important observations; but his method of reasoning is liable to considerable objections. It has not occurred to the advocates of the Christian religion, that doctrines, allowed to be contradictory to reason, are not on this account the less credible, nor have they ever conceived that the virtues of friendship, fortitude and patriotism, do not form a part of the morality of the gospel; much less have they urged the want of these virtues as a peculiar recommendation of its excellence. They are conspicuously illustrated in the character of its author; and it would be easy to produce striking instances, in which his courage and friendship, and concern for the welfare of his country, were actually displayed. The advocates of Christianity, in answer to Shaftesbury and others, have sufficiently vindicated it in this respect. They are unquestionably virtues of considerable importance; and so far as they do not interfere with the general principles of benevolence, which Christianity inculcates, they constitute a part of Christian morality.

As a poet, he is rather characterised by elegance and correctness, than by invention or enthusiam. He writes with terseness and neatness, seldom with much vigour or animation. He is a pleasing and elegant, but not a very animated or first-rate writer. His expression is concise, his wit lively, his satire poignant, his humour delicate, and his versification easy, flowing, and agreeable. His Art of Dancing, Modern Fine Gentleman, Modern Fine Lady, First Epistle of Horace, Burlesque Ode, &c. are elegant and beautiful compositions. In every one of them there are just conception, lively imagination, correct expression, and clear connection. His version of Browne's 'De Immortalitate Animi,' is a correct and classical performance, which may challenge a comparison with the subsequent versions of Mr. Cranwell and Mr. Lettice. His shorter pieces, in general, may be read with pleasure. We find here and there some indecencies of expression, which we sincerely wish he had avoided. The Epitaph on Dr. Johnson was not dictated by the same spirit of candor and friendship which bedewed the grave of Jenyns, and strewed it with flowers.

His moral and literary character has been delineated by Mr. Cole, in his 'Sketches,' with the zeal of friendship, and the fondness of affectionate remembrance; but he rates his merits too high. His remarks on his style are exceeding just.

"He was a man of great mildness, gentleness and sweetness of temper, which he manifested to all with whom he had concerns, either in the business of life or its social intercourse. His earnest desire was, as far as it was possible, never to offend any person; and he made such allowances, even for those, who, in their dispositions, differed from him, that he was rarely offended with others; of which, in a long life, he gave many noble instances. He was strict in the performance of religious duties in public, and a constant practiser of them in private; ever professing the greatest veneration for the church of England and its government, as by law established; holding her liturgy as the purest and most perfect form of public worship in any established church in Christendom: but he thought that alterations and amendments might be made in it, which would render it more perfect than it is in its present state, and which he earnestly desired to have seen accomplished by those who were properly authorised.

"In private life, he was most amiable and engaging; for he was possessed of a well-informed mind, accompanied by an uncommon vein of the most lively, spirited, and genuine wit, which always flowed very copiously amongst those with whom he conversed, but which was tempered with such a kindness of nature, that it never was the cause of uneasiness to any of those with whom he lived; this made his acquaintance much sought after, and courted by all those who had a taste for brilliant conversation, being well assured that they would be delighted with it where he was; and that, though they did not possess the same talent, they never would be censured by him because they wanted it.

"This so gentle an exertion of so rare a quality, he not only strictly observed himself, but was always much hurt if he observed the want of it in others; and considered every sally of wit, however bright it might be, which tended to the mortification of those who heard it, as one of its greatest abuses, since he looked upon all preeminent gifts of the mind, bestowed by nature, as much for the happiness of others, as of those who possess them.

"No person ever felt more for the miseries of others than he did; no person saw, or more strictly practised, the necessity imposed on those who form the superior ranks of life, whose duty it is to reconcile the lower classes to their present condition, by contributing the utmost to make them happy; and, thereby, to cause them to feel as little of that difference as is possible; for he was most kind and courteous to all his inferiors, not only in his expressions and in his behaviour, but in assisting them in all their wants and distresses, as far as he could; ever considering his poor neighbours, in the country, as parts of his family, and, as such, intitled to his care and protection.

"He spent his summers at his house in the country, residing there with hospitality to his tenants and neighbours, and never suffered any places at that season calculated for public diversions to allure him; for he said he could, at that time, do more good in his own parish, than in any other situation.

"He frequently lamented the prevailing fashion of the later times of his life, which carried gentlemen with their families from London, when it is deserted by all whose absence can be dispensed with, to places far distant from their houses and ancient seats in the country; opened chiefly for the reception of those, who wish to continue the scenes of dissipation they have left: whence it is that the money which should revert to the districts from which it was received, is turned into a different channel; tenants are deprived of the advantages they are in some degree intitled to, from its expenditure amongst them; hospitality done away, and the stream of charity, that would otherwise have gladdened the hearts of their poor neighbours, is stopped; their inferiors deprived of their example, encouragement, and protection, in the practice of religion and virtue, and thereby the manners of the country altered for the worse, which necessarily occasions great mischiefs to the public.

"When he was in the country, he constantly acted as a magistrate in his own district, and attended all those meetings, which were holden for the purposes of public justice.

"From the general opinion that was entertained of his inflexible integrity, and superior understanding, he was much resorted to in that character at home.

"Unknown to Sir Robert Walpole, and unconnected with him by acquaintance or private regard, he supported him to the utmost of his power, till he retired from his high station. He seldom or ever spoke, whilst sitting in Parliament.

"From having long had a seat at the Board of Trade, and constantly attending his duty there, he gained an understanding of the great outlines of the commercial interests of his country.

"As an author, so long as a true taste of fine writing shall exist, he will have a distinguished place amongst those who have excelled. Whatever he hath published, whether he played with his muse, or appeared in the plain livery of prose, was sought for with avidity, and read with pleasure, by those who at the time were esteemed the best judges of composition. A minute criticism on their several excellencies is unnecessary, as the public sanction hath stamped their merit. Suffice it to say, that his poems are on the most pleasing subjects, and are executed with a warm animation of fancy, sterling wit, and, at the same time, great correctness.

"He wonderfully excelled in burlesque imitations of the ancient poets, by applying their thoughts to modern times and circumstances; which might be well expected, after his short but excellent strictures on this manner of writing, prefixed to his imitations of the first epistle of the second book of Horace's Epistles, inscribed to the Lord Chancellor Hardwicke.

"How far he followed the rules there laid down, must be determined by those who shall read and compare the original with the translation, in which it may found, that, in this kind of imitation, he hath gone through a poem of three hundred lines, without ever losing sight of the original, by introducing new thoughts of his own.

"As a writer of prose, whoever will examine his style, will find that he is intitled to a place amongst the purest and correctest writers of the English language. He always puts proper words in proper places, and hath, at the same time, a variety in different members of his periods, which would otherwise tire and disgust the reader with their sameness: a failure which may be found in some of the works of those to whom the public have ascribed a superior degree of merit. But this variety occasions no difficulty or embarrassment in the sense intended to be conveyed, which always at first sight appears clear, and is easy to be comprehended, so that the reader is never stopped in his progress to study what is meant.

"This is his characteristic as a writer, on whatever subject he engaged, whether it were serious or called for his wit, whether political, moral, religious, or metaphysical, his matter is always most pertinent to the subject which he handles; he reasons with closeness and precision, and always by a regular chain of argument arrives at the conclusions which he professes is his design to establish. And whoever will attend to the exertions of his mind, manifesting at some times the truest humour and the most lively wit, at other times the most regular chain of argument, with the nicest discrimination and marked differences of abstract ideas, cannot but allow, that as wit consists in quickly assembling ideas, and putting those together with readiness and variety, wherein can be found any resemblance; and judgment, on the contrary, is carefully separating ideas from one another, and examining them apart; I say that he cannot but allow that our author was one of those very

few who have appeared in the world possessed of these two almost discordant talents of the understanding."

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

JOURNAL OF A TOUR FROM PARIS TO AMSTERDAM, IN THE YEAR 1796.

[Continued.]

The Dutch are not deficient in hospitals, and other public charities, yet there is a multitude of beggars in the streets of their cities; and in Amsterdam, more than in the other towns of Holland, and they are the most importunate of all the tribe of mendicants. This is, in a great measure, owing to the vast number of Jew families that compose nearly a quarter of the city. This unfortunate and persecuted nation are not permitted, here, to learn any regular trade or profession, lest they should become too influential. Thus the cruel bigotry of the Christians on one side, and the pertinacious adherence of the Jew, to a monstrous and ridiculous system of idle and imposing ceremonies on the other, have for ages, kept millions from participating the equal privileges of social institutions. What wild havoc in the confined circle of human happiness have religious lawgivers uniformly committed! One indeed is contented with punishment extended only to the fourth generation, while another, refining on cruelty, makes the soul immortal in order to make it more exquisitely miserable!

2nd. Dec. The season has now got so in advance, that it leaves me to regret that I did not take a summer tour through Holland and Flanders in my way to Paris. A traveller who is desirous of seeing large towns, the inhabitants of which are honest, frank, industrious and mildly superstitious; or a fertile and charming country every acre of which is carefully cultivated, and superabounding with produce, will find them all in Flanders. And he who wishes to observe commercial cupidity, and avaricious bustle, will not be disappointed in the seaports of Holland; but he will also meet with canals, gardens, villages, and mills, almost as numerous as the trees which shade the streets and adorn the waters of this singular amphibious country; and a number of the neatest towns in Europe.

The only literary institution of any note in this capital, originated about twenty years ago, and is called the *Felix Meritis*. It is composed of four hundred subscribers, who have a large handsome edifice in which their meetings are holden. The society is divided into five different departments, viz. One for commerce, in which is included navigation, agriculture, manufactures and traffic. The second embraces physicks, another drawings and designs; the fourth musick; and the fifth general literature. The meetings hold out an occasional agreeable intercouse to its supporters. Professor Van Swinden, a physician of learning and labour, one of its principal founders, confessed to me that there had not arisen from it that public benefit which he had at first flattered himself: and it is rather to be considered as a place of refined amusement, than an establishment of solid learning; rather as a gratification to the vanity or taste of individuals, than promotive of any general utility or national improvement. The music room is a lofty saloon thirty-six feet high, by seventy-two and fifty four in dimensions. I was last evening at a subscription concert, which is conducted wholly by amateurs of the science. The room was filled with genteel people, and the young gentlemen who were the performers, received some merited applause

The Dutch are fond of chimes, your ears are therefore perpetually saluted by the tinklings of the bells in the different steeples, and your lodgings disturbed with the *melodious warblings* of hand organs, which abound in every street. Whatever the multitude might think, was I one of their Burgo Masters, I certainly should consider it a duty to arrest these itinerant murderers "of the music of sweet sounds," as public nuisances.

There does not appear to be a very cordial confidence placed in the Convention which is sitting at the Hague. That assembly which ought to have been a selection of their choicest spirits, and most enlightened citizens, is a compound of harsh, invenomed patriots, and raw discordant statesmen, who are better at resentment and demolition than at the discovery and union of those nice, but just and firm principles of the social compact, which, while they secure the rights of the citizen, provide vigour and resource to the administration of the state. A long period, therefore, in all probability must elapse, before these divided and disastrous provinces obtain any stable political consequence. Most agree in lamenting their disorganized government; and all in reprobating the conduct of the English for involving them in their war against the French republic; nor are their gallic allies beloved for compelling them to combat the British Lion. Thus alternately degraded, plundered and despised by each of these gigantic powers; destitute of union, commerce, spirit and character, should they continue to exist at all as a distinct government, it must be by the sufferance and assent of Great Britain and France, neither of which will acquiesce in their becoming a dependent department to the other.

Here, as at the Hague, we had an opportunity of seeing a specimen of the Batavian guards. Their uniform is blue and red: the men are all young, and their laurels are yet to be gathered. The French hussars, who are to be found in every town of importance from Paris to Amsterdam, make a different appearance. Alert and animated, they shew that they feel the triumphs of their country, and rejoice in the garb of its heroes. By the treaty of offensive and defensive alliance which these provinces entered into with the republic of France, they stipulated to pay to the government, one hundred millions of Florins (equal to four millions of Dollars) and to clothe, feed, and pay twenty-five thousand French soldiers, who were to be employed in their service. When the rash and rapid march of the army, last summer, under Jourdan, from the Rhine to the Danube, terminated as the able, experienced, and brave Pichegru, foretold it certainly would, in defeat and disgrace, Bournonville was ordered on with these French battallions in Dutch pay, to check the career of the archduke Charles, and they have ever since been occupied in fighting the battles of France; but thereby, say the Dutch, our frontiers are protected from the insults and ravages of the imperial armies. The seven *united* provinces have discharged about one half of the enormous contributions they were assessed by their conquerors; and their new friends will no doubt find the method of soon getting the remainder.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Extracts from the Letters of an American traveller in Europe, written in 1800 and 1801.

[Continued.]

Neufchatel, Oct. 26, 1800.

My Dear Sir,

We left Berne early on the 23d, and passing through a country which offered nothing remarkable, arrived at Soleure, the capital of the canton of the same name, where we dined at a *table d'hote* with a number of very ill-bred French officers—There is nothing worth seeing at Soleure but the church of St. Urso, which has some claim to attention from the elegance of its architecture both internal and external. This canton you perhaps know is Roman Catholic.

A Mr. Wallier was so polite as to shew us his fine private cabinet of natural history, on our requesting to see it. He first asked whether we were French. On our enquiring the reason of this question, we found he had been a hostage in the hands of that nation, and was treated so harshly that he has ever since held them in utter abhorrence We were much pleased with the curiosities shewn us, particularly a sea-egg, perfectly petrified, for which, Mr. Wallier said lord Spencer offered him a hundred louis!

Soleure lays at the foot of the mountains of Jura, which appear to be a mass of calcareous rock, but thinly covered with soil. This celebrated chain does not resemble the pointed cliffs and needles of the Alps, but is rather like the blue ridge in America, the line flowing and unbroken. Our road lay along the Jura all the way to Bienne, but we saw nothing remarkable. A little before we arrived, we were stopped by a custom-house officer, who demanded to search our baggage, as we were entering the *department of the Haut de Rhin*, which robs Switzerland of the little canton of Bienne; a few good words and the more powerful argument of half a crown, saved us a great deal of trouble just as it grew dark, and obtained us a certificate to enable us to *pass out* of the republic without examination.

We arrived at Bienne too late to see any thing of the town and lake; the former, however, has nothing to interest one *en passant*; we set out again early the next morning, and from a hill in the neighbourhood saw the whole lake and the adjoining country. We breakfasted at a dirty little tavern on the neck of land which separates this from the lake of Neufchatel, which we had a fine view of, all the way to this place, where we arrived to dinner. We had also a transient view of the small but pretty lake of Morat.

One principal object at Neufchatel was to see the two younger sons of my friend Mr. —— of —— which we had promised their father to do. They were under the care of Mr. B. a Swiss gentleman, whose family is well known in this country for its literary talents and patriotic publications. He has travelled all over Europe with foreign noblemen, and after finishing the education of the two elder sons accompanied them in their travels through France, Germany, Italy, Denmark, and Sweden. He has promised the father to make the same tour with the younger.

I was received with open arms by this worthy man, and the amiable young —— who have compelled us to pass our time principally with them. Never was I pressed more to make a stay any where and indeed the inducements were great, but our desire to cross Mount Cenis before the season was too late, obliged us to decline all the parties and excursions planned for us. We, however, remained this day that we might accompany them to the isle de S. Pierre, in the lake of Bienne, celebrated for the residence of Rousseau, who shut himself out from the world on this island for near three years.

We rode, in a carriage, from Neufchatel to the borders of the lake of Bienne, on which we embarked in a small boat, and in forty minutes were landed on this little spot. Our first visit was to the chamber (in the only house on the island) which the eccentric Jean Jacques occupied, where we all of course made our own reflections. The walls and doors were covered with the names of those who had made a pilgrimage here, and even the ceiling was not spared. In a room that had once been occupied by Rousseau, one would expect to find something worthy of remembrance, but I am sorry to say, I saw nothing that did any credit to his admirers. A great deal of bad verse, and paltry common place

observations, filled the place of wit, elegance, and taste.

In this room is a trap door which leads to the one under it, to which this singular genius retired when he heard any visitors coming up the stairs to see him. When they entered the room below, he made his escape up through the trap-door. "Am I so strange an animal," he used to say, "that every body must come to gaze upon me through curiosity?"

After ordering dinner, (which you will allow we could not dispense with even in the habitation of Rousseau) we took a walk round the island, and admired the variety of beauties it contained, of hill and dale, forest and field, meadow and vineyard. It is an enchanting little spot, just suited to the romantic mind of the citizen of Geneva.

Mr. B——pointed out to me the favourite walk of Rousseau, which was in an elevated alley of lofty trees, bordering a steep bank of the lake, and affording a fine view of the chain of Jura, with the little white villages, at its foot, reflected by the lake. At the end of the walk, is a grass platform, from whence we could admire the range of Alps from Grindenwald almost to Savoy. In a summer house, at the other end, the visitors, in the fine season, dance. We were unfortunately, about ten days too late for the *vendangis*, or vintage, when all the neighbouring inhabitants resort here on a Sunday, to the amount of several hundred, to dance. This island is also the Sunday excursion of the Bernois, and the inhabitants of the cities in its vicinity, during summer.

We were entertained, during dinner, by two itinerant musicians, whom we afterwards took from the island, in our barque. On our voyage home, we might have been compared to those heroes, who accompanied Jason, in search of the golden fleece, for, like them, we had music on our poop.

A little distance from St. Pierre, is a small island, of about a hundred yards in circumference, which, from its appearance, was no doubt joined to the former; it is little more than a huge bank of earth and stones, on which some zealot has planted a liberty tree. This island is remarkable for being one of the objects on which Rousseau exercised his eccentricity, for one day remarking on a visit to it (you will be pleased to observe it was the boundary of his excursions for three years) that no animal whatever lived there; he determined it should no longer be uninhabited, and accordingly bought a pair of rabbits, and placing them upon this new dominion, cried "I give you this territory, increase and multiply." His command was well obeyed for they increased to such a degree that the place got the name of the Isle of Rabbits, and they enjoyed their territory undisturbed till the revolution, whose fatal effects even reached this poor little place, which had been so long a *terra incognita*, and the rabbits were all destroyed.

The Isle de St. Pierre was not exempt from the evils of war, and I heard with sorrow the account of the fierce conflict which took place between the French and Bernois, when the former invaded it.

It was dark long before we reached Neufchatel, so that we had nothing of the landscape to interest us; but the conversation of Mr. B. was so very pleasing and instructive, that we thought the way short. Among the number of anecdotes, which he related respecting the late revolution, and the invasion of the French, was the following, which I thought worth preserving, as it strongly marks the brave and firm charrcter of the Swiss Cantons, who alone posses the valour of their ancestors, and who *alone* have made *any* resistance to the incursions of their enemy.

[To be Continued.]

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE LAY PREACHER.

"Hate not laborious work, neither husbandry."

The dissolution of ice and snow being now fully accomplished by that potent chemist, the sun' the provident husbandman, refreshed by the rest of winter, and gladdened by the view of many a spot of vivid green sward, thinks it time to leave his afternoon pot of beer unfinished and prepare for the labours of spring. But, since many, attached to ease and the fire side, are unwilling to put their hands to the plough, and strive to put off the evil day of furrowing the fields, I will endeavour to convince every procrastinating labourer, that nothing is so laborious, as having nothing to do.

If a fretful farmer, who, in some rainy day, thinks no employment is so toilsome as that which he exercises, will cast his eyes upon the various idlers, sauntering along with pale cheeks and gouty limbs, *from Dan to Beersheba*, he will be convinced that mowing in July, and haling wood in December, are less fatiguing than pleasure's race. When an inquisitive being asks why there is so much vice and misery in this world, I conceive no answer would be more pertinent, than because the vicious and the miserable have, at some period of their lives, been haters of laborious work and husbandry.

What is it but this aversion to labour, and a phantastic wish to be free from care, that urges so many to exchange health for whisky, and their money for a game of cards? Why are so many rheumatic limbs propped by crutches? Why does the attorney commence such frequent suits for the innkeeper; and why in a jail are the debtors' rooms crowded? If the hoe, the spade, and the field could speak, they would say "because men hearken to the whispers of fancy, or the persuasions of indolence, and forsake *us*, the best allies in life's warfare."

Unless *the sower go forth to sow*, he cannot expect *sixty, or a hundred fold*. Unless men sometimes *love* laborious work, and husbandry, they will not reckon *much fine gold*, nor be eagerly *enquired after in the gate*. The ages of miracles are past; and I know not whether man has a right to expect that providence will interpose particularly in his favour, and give him bread, if he will not be at the pains to *leaven* it.

That ancient adjudication, which sentenced Adam to eat bread in the sweat of his brow, has been harshly denominated a curse, by unthinking christians. But it is demonstrable that the necessity for labour is one of the highest blessings of life, and without this necessity, other blessings would lose half their value. In the initial stanza of one of his first compositions, a favourite author has uttered this eternal truth with equal grace and energy;

O mortal man, who livest here by toil,
Do not complain of this thy hard estate
That, like an emmet, thou most ever moil,
Is a sad sentence of an ancient date;
And, certes, there is for reason great;
For, though, sometimes it makes thee weep and wail,
And curse thy star and early drudge and late,
Withouten that would come an heavier bale
Loose life, unruly passions, and diseases pale.

The ancient poets, delighting in fiction, have amused themselves and credulous readers with a gorgeous description of the golden age. An age, which, according to poetical chronology, existed prior to the primal curse. In this blest period, as the fables of Ovid feign, no coulter pierced the earth's surface, honey distilled from oaks, and wine gurgled spontaneously from springs. This is undoubtedly a vision of the night. But, if it had been realized, and men, like the austere governor in the gospel, could have *reaped where they had not sown, and gathered where they had not strewed*, such a state of inaction would produce an extreme of weariness, more intolerable than the drudgery of the field. A profound observer* has remarked that if all the year were playing holidays, to sport would be as tedious as to work; and if we mark the men of pleasure, whom the legacy, or the partiality of parents has enriched, we shall discover the truth of this observation. Who is so anxious, who loses so much rest, who so *worketh with his hands*, as the nocturnal gamester? What perils, what storms, what fatigue the drunkard encounters, navigating the raging ocean of wine.

To what injury, and to what infamy is the libertine exposed, who nightly haunts the recesses of debauchery, or who provokes the vengeance of the husband by tempting the loyalty of the wife. What toils, what watchings, what anxieties are endured by every sensualist, whether he roves through the Haram of Variety, or labours to sully the purity of virgin innocence: yet all these make delight a trade,

"And coy perdition every hour pursue."

For myself, I cannot help thinking, that cutting tender grass is more easy, than cutting unlucky cards; that the labourer with a corn basket on his shoulder is lesss burdened, than the tipler with the load of his stomach; and that the "flaxen headed plough-boy," tracing the straight and undeviating furrow, has a lighter task to fulfil, than he, who bewilders himself in the mazes of wantonness, who *in the twilight, in the evening, in the black and dark night*, hurries after her, who is emphatically called "the strange woman," and † whose house is the way to Hell, going down to the chambers of Death.

Repair then with alacrity, happy husbandmen, to *laborious work*. Trust me, ye sleep sounder than he, who advises you, and who is destined to have no acres to till, but who, with throbbing temples, toils over the weekly sermon. As I wander through rural lanes, with a head perplexed with anxious thought, and with a heart lacerated by many an arrow of adversity, still I am always tranquilized, when I regard the operations of agriculture. I gaze with pleasure at your bursting barns, your well ordered cottages, and your fruitful fields. I see that, *in consequence of your labour*, you are healthful and happy. While you, *jocund, drive your teams* afield, and inhale the balsamic flavour of the earth, you consult your fortune by the one, and your preservation by the other. Continue to venerate the plough and to feed the ox, and you will turn up gold with the first, and draw to your dwellings *fine gold* with the second. Let others, as it has been eloquently said, dig for factitious wealth in the bowels of the earth, your brighter ore is derived from its upper stratum.

LEVITY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Mr. Editor,

Conceiving from several happy circumstances, which have been lately brought about by the

---

* Shakspeare; who in numerous passages of his matchless dialogues, faithful to truth and nature, has eloquently recommended habitual industry, and who was himself a signal and glorious example of ardent *application*, associated with the most creative genius.

† This picturesque phrase of king Solomon, expressed with all the energy and magnificence of oriental diction, is peculiarly memorable, because every apothegm of the Jewish Prince was the dictate of experience, as we abundantly learn both from his domestic history and public declarations.

wisdom of our rulers, that they may be somewhat perplexed in devising ways and means to satisfy the various demands of government, I have ventured to suggest an easy plan to draw forth the energies of the people: I mean a new mode of taxation; which, if adopted, I humbly conceive, would greatly assist our administration in its operations, without in the least endangering its popularity. But as my scheme is entirely novel, I beg your indulgence while I endeavour to explain it.

No man, I presume, will doubt, in this enlightened day, of the ability of every real patriot, to meddle with the affairs of government, I hope, therefore, I need say nothing of my motives.

It is well known, that the fifteen millions, of dollars which we paid for Louisiana, were entirely out of the calculation of our *cunning* financier, when he talked so prettily about repealing the internal taxes. How is this money to be paid! None of us, surely, can be ignorant of the disagreeable sensations which the name of *taxes* always excites in every real republican bosom; and we all know the extreme sensibility of republicanism, which when in power, would scorn to hurt the feelings of the meanest citizen. I have indeed heard it hinted, that the Louisianians are to be *sweated* for this same sum, and that the powers of the king of Spain are to be transferred to the P——t for this purpose. This base, absurd, and *unfounded* calumny, scarcely deserves a refutation. Who does not shrink at the very idea? I could here make use of federal calculations (and it would not be the fist time that we have made use of them) to prove, that this splendid event in the annals of our country, would cost each individual but a few cents; and who, I proudly ask, would exchange the fine feelings of generosity for this paltry sum—particularly, as it is the only gratification we can expect to reap from the bargain?

Besides all these powerful arguments, Mr. Editor, to shew that we must *divine* some method of obtaining money, I have been further induced to offer this scheme, in order to find something for our legislators to do, for which, sir, *entre nous*, I am apt to think they will be greatly obliged to me.

Having said thus much, by way of introduction, I shall proceed with due haste, to the interesting object of this communication. I beg leave to observe that for reasons above specified, I have preferred the word *fine* to that odious, oldfashioned term *taxes*—and here I might take occasion to assert my claim to *genuine* republicanism, which always changes the *names* of things although the *form* and *substance* be retained.

1 propose 1st, That a *fine* be imposed on all printers who shall *be guilty* of publishing the truth in their papers; for it is universally admitted that the federal papers are the only ones which ever publish the truth; and as, under such circumstances, the truth is a libel, this fine would have the merit of falling exclusively upon the enemies of the country, which would be another glorious epoch in "the annals of our country."—It would also hold out an additional inducement to the democratic editors in the United States, to adhere rigidly to their *ancient habits*.

2nd. I propose, that a fine be imposed on all persons concerned in a duel. This, I flatter myself, no man will object to—its intention being obvious. We are now in danger of losing two zealous democrats by this anti-republican practice; and, for aught I know, we might in the lapse of ages, lose one or two more in the same manner, which would certainly, at any time, be a great loss to the community: It is time, therefore, for the public good, to interpose legislative authority. I declare, at the same time, that neither Mr. Randolph nor Mr. Alston have any knowledge of this proposition.

3rd. I propose, lastly, that a fine be laid on all persons who shall refuse to get drunk, in honour of Mr. Jefferson, on the 12th day of May next. I need say little in defence of this proposal; all real republicans will at once see its utility, as it will affect none of our imported patriots, or native democrats.

I shall say nothing, Mr. Editor, of the great importance of these discoveries, or the immense sums they would produce; but I shall end by requesting that you would not throw out the least hint or insinuation that they were communicated by

A FEDERALIST.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

[Every circumstance which relates to those persons whose writings we admire, awakens and interests our curiosity. The time and place of their birth, as it is remarked by an accurate scholar, their education and gradual attainments, the dates of their productions, and the reception they severally met with, their habits of life, their private friendships, and even their external form, are all points which how little soever they may have been adverted to by their contemporaries, strongly engage the attention of posterity. Not satisfied with receiving the aggregated wisdom of ages, as a free gift, we visit the mansions where our instructors are said to have resided, we contemplate with pleasure the trees under whose shade they once reposed, and wish to see and converse with those sages, whose labours have added strength to virtue, and efficacy to truth.

SHAKSPEARE, above all writers, since the days of Homer, has excited this curiosity in the highest degree; and perhaps no poet of any nation was ever more idolized. His biography, written by Rowe, has been read perhaps with more eagerness, than any life in Plutarch. The subsequent article presents no additional information, respecting the Bard of Avon, but concisely tells all that can be known of his domestic character.]

An account of the man who has obtained the admiration of his country, who, after a period of two centuries, is still mentioned with pride, and whose excellence has defied all imitation, unites the double interest of esteem and curiosity. In the life of our immortal SHAKSPEARE we feel this interest increased by the astonishment with which we view the commencement of his career: the eldest among the ten children of a dealer in wool, brought up to the business of his father, and engaged early in domestic cares, he appears to have taken a direction very opposite to the acquirement of that splendor which is attached to his name. He was born at Stratford, in Warwickshire, in the month of April 1564, and, after some slender literary attainments at a grammar school, he embraced his paternal avocation, married, and became a father before the twentieth year of his age. In that state his wonderful talents would have been buried had not a singular incident called them into action. A neighbouring park, belonging to Sir Thomas Lucy, had been frequently plundered, and Shakspeare had, with many others of his own age, committed the depredation. Sir Thomas followed up his repeated threats with a prosecution: Shakspeare revenged himself in a severe ballad, in which the knight was treated with the most satiric freedom; and then took refuge in London.

On his entrance into the capital, he appears to have been reduced to such extreme distress, that to hold the horses of those who frequented the theatre, and to depend on their liberality, were, for some time, all the employment, and all the subsistence he could procure. At length, admitted to some subordinate office within the playhouse, he obtained the notice of the players, and occasionally performed some under parts on the stage. He then perceived the tenor of his genius, and aspired to supply his deficiencies as an actor by merits of a higher nature; as an author he began to display the powers of his mind. The force of nature and genius united, with attentive study, to suit the reigning taste of the superior, and the peculiar humour of the inferior orders of the public, ensured him success. Patronage soon followed admiration, and he is said to have been rapidly raised to fortune, as well as fame, by the generosity of the Earl of Southampton; to whom, in terms of the highest gratitude, he has dedicated his two most considerable poems, intitled Venus and Adonis, and the Rape of Lucrece. But the favours he experienced were not confined to the courtiers: the queen herself conferred on him many marks of esteem, and not only continually honoured the performance of his dramas with her presence, but even condescended to point out objects to him; and the comedy of the Merry Wives of Windsor is said to have owed its origin to her desire of seeing that inimitable medley of wit and profligacy, Sir John Falstaff, in love. Thus, with little advantages from education, and with the obstacles of disgrace and penury to overcome, arose this Genius of Nature to the notice of his country and of his prince, and to the ceaseless admiration of futurity. If our astonishment at such an elevation can be increased, it must be by the modesty of his retirement from applause, satisfied with ease and a moderate competency. At his native town he purchased a handsome residence, where, withdrawn from all the business of the drama, he passed the residue of his life. He died on the twenty-third of April, 1616, at the commencement of his fifty-third year, and appointed his youngest daughter and her husband, whose name was Hall, his executors. He was buried at Stratford, where a monument was erected to him, and another was raised in Westminster Abbey, in 1740, at the public expense. The first edition of his plays, collected together, was published in 1623; but the principal edition, with the corrections and illustrations of various commentators, with a glossarial index by Mr. Reed, and with notes by Johnson and Steevens.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Among many curious, new and valuable books, lately imported by Mr. Samuel F. Bradford, and Messrs. Conrads, of this city, are "The Chances, or Nothing of the *new* School, by a disciple of the old School." This Novel is favourably reviewed in more than one literary journal.

Goodes "Life of Geddes," the celebrated roman catholic translator of the Bible, is an interesting and amusing volume of biography.

"Commentaries on Classical Learning," by the Rev. Mr. Urquahart, are entitled to great attention from every lover of the literature of the Greeks and Romans.

And Dr. Aikin's "Letters on English Poetry,' addressed to a young lady, display the wonted graces of his pure and elegant style, together with a fund of useful criticism.

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

In his tour to the Hebrides, Boswell says, we next went to the great church of St. Giles, which has lost much of its *original magnificence* in the inside, by being divided into four places of *presbyterian* worship. 'Come,' said Dr. Johnson jocularly to principal Robertson, 'let me see what was *once a church*.'

—

No wonder that he was affected with a strong indignation while he beheld the ruins of religious

magnificence. I happened to ask where *John Knox* was buried. Dr. Johnson burst out 'I hope in the *highway*. I have been looking at his *reformations*.'

—

Politeness is of great consequence in society. It is fictitious benevolence. It supplies the place of it among those, who see each other only in public, or but little.

—

Pratt's "Liberal Opinions," is a novel of an original cast; and its success induced the author to lay aside his adopted name, and assume his real one. The adventures of *Benignus*, in which it is supposed Mr. Pratt shaded some particulars of his own life, and the character of *Draper*, are admirably drawn, and will bear a comparison with the most felicitous productions of Fielding, Smollet, or Richardson.

—

The felicity of a London life, to a man who can enjoy it with full intellectual relish is apt to make existence, in any narrower sphere, seem insipid or irksome.

—

Boswell, in his character of Johnson, declares that he was a sincere and zealous Christian of the high church of England, and monarchical principles, which he would not suffer to be questioned; steady and inflexible in maintaining the obligations of piety and virtue, both from a regard to the order of society, and from a veneration for the Great Source of all order; correct, nay stern in his taste; hard to please, and easily offended; impetuous and irritable in his temper, but of a most humane and benevolent heart; having a mind stored with a vast and various collection of knowledge, which he communicated, with peculiar perspicuity and force, in rich and choice expression.

—

There is not, says Addison, a more useful class of society, than *Merchants*. They knit mankind together in a mutual intercourse of good offices, distribute the gifts of nature, find work for the poor, augment the wealth of a nation, and increase the comforts and conveniencies of life.

To censure trade,
Or hold her busy people in contempt,
Let none presume.
Trade to the good physician gives his balms;
Gives cheering cordials to th' afflicted heart;
Gives to the wealthy delicacies high;
Gives to the curious works of nature rare;
And when the priest displays, in just discourse,
Him, the all-wise creator, and declares
His presence, power, and goodness, unconfin'd,
'Tis trade, attentive voyager, who fills
His lips with argument.

—

The judicious wish of Shenstone was to always have a heart superior, with economy suitable, to his fortune.

—

It is a miserable thing to be sensible of the value of one's time, and yet restrained by circumstances from making a proper use of it. One feels oneself somewhat in the situation of admiral Howe.

—

The following is a delightful feature in the mind of a liberal scholar:

One part of his character was no less amiable than uncommon; so totally free was he from envy, the vice of little souls, that he was always eager to encourage the appearance of literary merit wherever it could be found; and, if any person had cultivated a particular branch of learning more assiduously than himself, he took a real pleasure in receiving information, and what was still more rare at his age, in renouncing ancient prejudices, and retracting opinions, which he allowed to have been precipitately formed.

—

There is no word in the Latin language that signifies a female friend. "*Amica*" means a *mistress*; and, perhaps, there is no friendship betwixt the sexes wholly disunited from a degree of love.

—

Perhaps an acquaintance with men of genius is rather respectable than satisfactory. It is as unaccountable as it is certain, that fancy heightens sensibility, sensibility strengthens passion, and passion makes men humourists.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

"Eugenius" has remained silent too long. During the vernal months, we hope to hear him warble, and we will not only gladly listen to, but print his songs.

From "Beatrice" we expect, occasionally, an essay in that easy style, which so agreeably expresses her good humoured opinions.

"M." we hope, will keep her promise. She cannot tire our readers with the multitude, or offend them by the choice of her topics.

"Asmodeo," to our great joy, has again addressed us.

"The Rural Wanderer" will always find a congenial home in the Port Folio.

The "Ode of the first book of Horace," has some merit; but many of the lines are too prosaic.

The "Epigram" is defective in two essential particulars, wit and point.

The "Description of a storm on the Atlantic," is of so *roaring* and *dashing* a nature, that our brains became perfectly giddy, during the violence of the tempest.

It is with pleasure we recognize the hand of one of our female correspondents, though she has, on this occasion, suppressed her accustomed signature.

The Editor cannot find either in the public library or private collections of Philadelphia, the following tracts, which, he hopes, this advertisement may yet obtain for him, from some man of letters, willing to assist literary labour, not uselessly employed.

Imperfect Hints towards a new edition of Shakspeare, written chiefly in the year 1782, 4to. 1787.

The same, part the second and last, by Samuel Felton, 4to. 1788.

Cursory remarks upon the Arrangement of the Plays of Shakspeare, occasioned by reading Mr. Malone's essay on the chronological Order of those celebrated pieces, by the Rev. J. Hurdis, M. A. 8vo. 1792.

A familiar address to the curious in English poetry, more particularly to the readers of Shakspeare, by Thersites Literarius, 8vo. 1784.

Many juvenile authors, who are in haste to be enrolled among the Literati, before they have passed the noviciate of discipline, will do well to reflect upon the mighty difference between the *vis vivida animi*, the irresistible impulse of genius and the mere love of scribbling. To P. then we must exclaim:

If you're willing to quit all pretence
To judgment, reason and to common sense;
If you are pleas'd your verses should be seen,
Mixt with enigmas on a medley skreen;
If this suffice you, and you think *this* fame,
Write on, and welcome, write, in folly's name.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE MOUNTAIN SHEPHERD.

A FRAGMENT.

Nor are thy stormy sorrows yet forgot;
Profanely yet dost thou arraign high heav'n,
Still dost thou murmur at thy adverse lot,
Ungrateful for the various blessings given?

Unthinking mortal! wilt thou never know
That *human* thought could ne'er the *eternal* scan,
The earth's a scene of variegated woe,
And perfect happiness is not for man.

A calm reliance on the mighty power,
Who sees it right that thou should'st suffer here,
Who deals thee grief, through life's short fleeting hour,
Will guide to realms unsullied with a tear.

On that rely—still dost thou droop and grieve,
Come, let us leave this solitary vale,
And, as we drink the cheering breeze of eve,
List to the mountain shepherd's mournful tale.

For not o'er vice alone doth misery spread
Her ruthless sway, or rend the guilty mind;
The breast of innocence full oft hath bled,
To every woe devoted and resign'd.

On yon rich mountain, whose aspiring top
Climbs to the clouds, Palemon's cottage stood;
Around his flocks the thymy herbage crop,
Or lave their fleeces in the winding flood.

At early morn he'd jocund carols sing,
Nor would he change with kings his happy lot,
While breathing sweets, and blushing as the spring,
His beauteous Ellen grac'd his humble cot.

Young Lubin, pride of all the village youth,
Enamour'd gaz'd on bashful Ellen's charms;
The Mountain Shepherd, conscious of his truth,
With blessings gave her to his faithful arms.

The rural toil, the rural sport was theirs;
Far from the senseless world's tumultuous noise;
Strangers to guile, their bosoms knew no cares,
And only throbb'd with love or friendship's joys.

And while with scented hay they spread the ground,
Or blithely drew the loaded team along;
Then would the dales and woodland meads around
Echo the Mountain Shepherd's artless song.

A smiling boy (lovely as poets feign
The god of Love) the parents wishes bless'd;
Who, while his grandsire bore him o'er the plain,
With infant fondness hung upon his breast.

Blue was his eye, and sparkled bright with health,
Four summers on his cheek their bloom had shed;
Dearer to Lubin than the wide world's wealth
Were the fair ringlets waving on his head.

One fav'rite lamb, bedeck'd with many a flow'r,
Was Edwin's fond companion in his play;
To adorn his neck, ah! luckless was the hour
That near the stream induc'd their steps to stray.

Of vivid buds, pluck'd from the neighbouring wood,
A glowing wreath his infant fingers twin'd;
From his soft hand it dropt into the flood,
And gaily sail'd before the fluttering wind.

Stay, garland, stay! the charming prattler cried;
But who the wretched Ellen's woes shall tell,
When, heedless bending o'er the rushy tide,
Into the rapid stream he headlong fell!

Loud shriek'd the mother, as convuls'd she stood,
By force withheld from plunging in the wave,
Lubin, distracted, leap'd into the flood
To snatch his treasure from a watry grave.

With dauntless breast he stem'd the flood awhile,
And bore his darling up above the tide,
But, by the current dash'd, and spent with toil,
Both, both together sunk, alas! and died!

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

LINES WRITTEN IN AFFLICTION.

In sportive youth's fair, cloudless day,
Bright Hope illum'd each rising hour;
All then was innocently gay,
And love diffus'd its softest power.

The seasons pass'd unmark'd by woes,
My heart had sweet content in store;
I careless pluck'd the blushing rose,
Regardless of the thorn it bore.

But death, who severs earthly ties,
Spread his dark mantle o'er the scene,
And sorrow's deep impressive sighs
Hath mark'd the hours that intervene.

Come, meek religion, to my aid,
Teach me to kiss thy chastning rod,
That, when the last great debt is paid,
My soul may rest in peace with God.

SELECTED POETRY.

[This is a jealous ode, addressed by Horace to his mistress Lydia. He expostulates with the inconstant fair on her preference of a rival, whom he describes as riotous and profligate. Perhaps the passion of jealousy was never more beautifully described. But his translator observes the taste of the lover could not be very delicate, if he sighed long after a mistress, whose intemperance he describes in such strong terms. We may presume this ode was written in Horace's younger days. Telephus, his rival, seems to have been a handsome and accomplished youth. Addison has finely translated the beginning of this ode. See his travels, p. 202, and the Spectator, No. 171.]

HOR. LIB. I, ODE 13.

Translated by BOSCAWEN.

Whene'er thy voice extols my rivals charms,
When every grace thy lavish praise bestows,
Thy roseat neck, soft taper arms,
With what fierce flame my bosom glows!

From their fix'd seat my tranquil spirits fly;
The wonted colour from my check retires,
Whilst tears, just stealing from the eye
Witness the slow consuming fires.

I rage, whene'er the beauties of thy breast
Rude broils and drunken revelry disgrace,
When the fierce spoiler has imprest
Rude kisses on thy tender face.

Ah! could'st thou hear my fondly warning strain!
Ne'er couldst thou hope a constant bliss to prove,
With him, who dar'd those lips profane,
* That breath the nectar'd sweets of love.

Happy, thrice happy they, whose blameless joys
Spring from the unbroken union of the heart,
No murmurings vex, no strife annoys,
But their last day alone shall part.

—

[The following lines from CHATERTON's African Eclogue, called Heccar and Gaira, produced in 1770, when he was not seventeen years of age, have been given as an instance of the sublimity of that genius, which was capable of producing the poems under the feigned name of Rowley.]

GAIRA.

Rouse not Remembrance from her shadowy cell,
Nor of those bloody sons of mischief† tell.
Cawna! O Cawna! deck'd in sable charms.
What distant region holds thee from my arms?
Cawna, the pride of Afric's sultry vales,
Soft as the cooling murmur of the gales,
Majestic as the many-colour'd snake,
Trailing his glories through the blossom'd brake;
Black as the glossy rocks where Eascal roars,
Foaming through sandy wastes to Jaghir's shores;
Swift as the arrow, hastening to the breast,
Was Cawna, the companion of my rest.

The sun sat low'ring in the western sky,
The swelling tempest spread around the eye;
Upon my Cawna's bosom I reclin'd,
Catching the breathing whispers of the wind:
Swift from the wood a prowling tyger came;
Dreadful his voice, his eyes a glowing flame;
I bent the bow, the never-erring dart
Pierc'd his rough armour, but escap'd his heart;
He fled, though wounded, to a distant waste,
I urg'd the furious flight with fatal haste;
He fell, he dy'd—spent in the fiery toil.
I stripp'd his carcase of the furry spoil,
And as the varied spangles met my eye,
On this, I cried, shall my lov'd Cawna lie.
The dusky midnight hung the skies in grey;
Impell'd by love, I wing'd the airy way;
In the deep valley and the mossy plain,
I sought my Cawna, but I sought in vain;
The pallid shadows of the azure waves*
Had made my Cawna and my children slaves.
Reflection maddens, to recall the hour,
The Gods had given me to the Demon's power.
The dusk slow vanish'd from the hated lawn,
I gain'd a mountain glaring with the dawn.
There the full sails expanded to the wind,
Struck horror and distruction in my mind,
There Cawna, mingled with a worthless train,
In common slav'ry drags the hated chain.
Now judge, my Heccar, have I cause for rage?
Should aught the thunder of my arm assuage?
In ever-reeking blood this javlin dy'd
With vengeance shall be never satisfied;
I'll strew the beaches with the mighty dead,
And tinge the lily of their features red.

HECCAR.

When the loud shriekings of the hostile cry
Roughly salute my ear, enrag'd I'll fly;
Send the sharp arrow quivering thro' the heart,
Chill the hot vitals with the venom'd dart;
Nor heed the shining steel or noisy smoke,
Gaira and Vengeance shall inspire the stroke.

—

[Mr. MOORE, a recent poet, is much admired in England, for the singular sweetnes of his versification, and for a certain glow in his descriptions, mildly ardent, like the setting suns of CLAUDE. We shall, occasionally, select from his works some of the most pleasing specimens of his genius as a Poet, and of his tenderness as a lover.]

TO JULIA.

In allusion to some illiberal criticisms.

Why let the stingless critic chide,
With all that fume of vacant pride,
Which mantles o'er the pedant fool,
Like vapour on a stagnant pool.
Oh! if the song, to feeling true,
Can please the elect, the sacred few,
Whose souls by taste and nature taught,
Thrill with the genuine pulse of thought,
If some fond feeling maid, like thee,
The warm eyed child of sympathy
Shall say, while o'er my simple theme
She languishes in passion's dream.
"He was, indeed a tender soul—
"No critic law, no chill controul
"Should ever freeze, by timid art.
"The flowings of so fond a heart."
Yes, soul of nature, soul of love,
That, hovering, like a snow-wing'd dove,
Breath'd o'er my cradle warblings wild,
And hail'd me passion's warmest child.
Grant me the tear from beauty's eye
From feeling's breast the votive sigh,
Oh, let my song, my memory find
A shrine, within the tender mind,
And I will scorn the critic's chide
And I will scorn the fume of pride
Which mantles o'er the pedant fool,
Like vapour on a stagnant pool.

—

[The following elegant extract is taken from the poems of Sir RICHARD FANSHAW, published with the translation of *Il Pastor Fido*, 1676.—The five first lines are part of another sonnet, and some of the thoughts resemble the Spanish and Italian *concetti*, but we cannot refrain from admiring the allusions to the sanguinary death of the rose, and to the massacre of the innocents by Herod.]

Thou blushing Rose, within whose virgin leaves
The wanton wind to sport himself presumes,
While from their rifled wardrobe he receives
For his wings purple, for his breath perfumes.
Blown in the morning thou shalt fade e'er noon;
What boots a life, which in such haste forsakes thee?
Thou'rt wondrous frolic, being to die so soon,
And passing proud a little colour makes thee.
If thee thy brittle beauty so deceives,
Know then the thing that swells thee is thy bane;
For the same beauty doth in bloody leaves
The sentence of thy early death contain.
Some clown's coarse lungs will poison thy sweet flower,
If by the careless plough thou shalt be torn,
And many *Herods* lie in wait each hour
To murder thee, as soon as thou art born
Nay force thy bud to blow, their tyrant breath,
Anticipating life to hasten death.

—

VERSES TO A LADY

Who had consulted a fortune teller.

When fair Eliza seeks to know
Her future lot of bliss or woe,
By witches and their spells;
Vainly they mark her natal hour,
Unconscious of the mighty power
That in her beauty dwells.

What various hearts *enchanted* lie,
By the soft *magic* of her eye,
Where ambush'd love beguiles;
What hapless youths, by *charms* undone,
In vain lament they cannot shun
The *witchery* of her smiles.

Though destiny obey her breath,
The good and ill, though life and death
Depend on her alone;
Sole arbitress of others fate,
Lest dangers unforeseen await,
She trembles for her own.

Ah, then let gentle pity charm
That bosom, which, by nature warm,
Indifference now congeals.
Cheer the sad heart with doubts oppress'd,
And let thy sympathising breast,
Relieve the care it feels.

—

There is much point in the following Epigram.

As two divines, their ambling steeds bestriding,
In merry mood, o'er Boston neck were riding,
At length a simple structure met their sight,
From whence the felon takes his hempen flight,
When, sailor-like, he squares accounts with hope,
His all depending on a single rope—
"Ah! where, my friend," cries one, "where now were you,
"Had yonder gallows been allow'd its due?"
"Where," quoth the other in sarcastic tone—
"Why, where but riding into town—ALONE?

---

* This line, though perfectly poetical, may serve to show how inadequately the most elegant version transfuses the beauties of the Latin tongue into our own. We are often obliged to see nothing but the *wrong side of the tapestry*. The original is

———"oscula, quæ Venus
Quinta parte sui nectaris imbuit." E.

† White Men, ———

† "The idea of an African calling the Europeans "the pallid shadows of the azure waves." (say the Critics) is very happy. A similar thought had been well expressed a few lines earlier.

"The children of the wave, whose pallid race
Views the faint sun display a languid face."

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED

FOR THE EDITOR,

BY HUGH MAXWELL,

NO. 25, NORTH SECOND-STREET.